McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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THINKS CARUSO KILLED HER HUSBAND.

Man Now in the Western Penitentiary May be Guilty.

WIDOW RECENTLY IN SMETHPORT.

Seemed to be Positive that Man who Killed Her Husband in New York City was Salvator Caruso.

An Italian woman, accompanied by a man though to be a detective, were in Smethport recently upon the trail of the murderer of the woman's husband. They made extensive inquiries of lawyers and county officials and before leaving town the woman announced that she was sure that Salvator Caruso was the man who killed her husband in New York City two years ago. The MINER was unable to learn her name. She departed for Pittsburg for the purpose of making sure that Caruso is the man wanted, and says she will endeavor to secure his extradition to New York to answer the charge of murder.

Caruso was one of the quartette indicted for the murder of Guiseppi Tiberi at Coeyville on March 9th, 1906. He readily availed himself of an opportunity to plead guilty to murder in the second degree and with two other members of the party is serving a fifteen-year sentence in the Western penitentiary. Frank Godino was found guilty of murder in the first degree and hanged for his participation in the crime. Since being in prison Caruso has written a number of letters to Attorney V. B. Bouton of Smethport. He wishes Mr. Bouton to try and secure his pardon.

They Killed Wild Cats and Foxes.

Lewis Anderson of Keason was in town Monday and exhibited a wildcat's skin before Justice Knapp and secured an order for the payment of the $1 bounty. Mr. Anderson killed the animal in the woods in the vicinity of Marvin creek a few days ago. He followed its trail for three miles and came upon evidences which plainly revealed that the cat had killed two rabbits and three birds while traveling that distance. There is no doubt but that wildcats are the greatest destroyers of small game and the bounty of $1 per scalp is none too large.

Another slayer of these pests is O. J. Baker of Norwich, who brought two wildcats and two foxes with him Tuesday and secured an order for the $12 bounty from Justice Knapp. Mr. Baker had a long hunt for the two cats, which were finally killed on bare ground, the weather conditions at the time making the work of tracking the brutes very difficult. One of them was a mammoth specimen of the tribe. On the same day, W. L. Rounsville of Otto township received the bounty on a fox skin.

Andrew Perry of Clermont killed a silver grey fox a few days ago. The pelts of these animals are valuable as fur dealers list them from $50 to $500 according to the condition and size of the skin.

Walter Brenemah, son of Supt. Brenemah of the County Home, killed a wildcat yesterday while hunting in the woods at the head of Irish Hollow. In company with L. K. Foote the young man was trailing a bear when he shot the cat. The hunters did not find the bear but they report having seen several wildcats.

Criminal Court Conclusions.

The regular term of criminal court came to an end Friday last.

Duane Ward of Bradford, who is a source of great annoyance to the police of that city, was found guilty of robbing Epstein's jewelry store and sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for a term of five years. He is the only offender "to go over the road" from this term of court.

Grace Lee, a witness, who had to be sent for on a bench warrant, was given 24 hours in the county jail.

Sentence was suspended on H. Tucker of Hazelhurst, convicted of indecent exposure, and on Charles Nellis of Bradford, who pleaded guilty to stealing a chair from in front of the St. James hotel. Both men furnished bail for their appearance at the next term of court.

R. N. Fowler was ordered to pay his wife $5 a week towards her support.

The case against A. Goodman for assault and battery was not prossed.

—Daly & Garlick have a nice line of Horse Blankets, Sleigh Bells and Whips which they are selling at reasonable prices.

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Lambee farm on shares. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

The correct Christmas present for a lady or girl can be found at Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's City Store.

See Mrs. A. E. Hinman's display of holiday goods.

Death of Mrs. J. M. Barr.

Eva Rachel Barr, beloved wife of James M. Barr, died at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Victor E. Digel, No. 468 East Main street. Mrs. Barr had been ill a long time. Mr. and Mrs. Barr removed to Clarksburg, W. Va., last summer, but the latter became so ill there that it was deemed best to bring her back to Bradford, which was done in the fall. The sick woman was taken to the home of her daughter where everything was done to save her. The end came Monday suddenly and unexpectedly. Mrs. Barr had resided in Bradford for 18 years. She possessed a most estimable character and was sincerely loved for her fine qualities. She was born in Brookville, Pa., in 1851, and was married in 1870. Two daughters, Mrs. E. T. Langrick and Mrs. V. E. Digel, and two sons, David L. and Charles T. Barr, survive her. Mrs. Barr was a member of the Methodist church from her childhood to the end. She was a member of the Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., and the American Insurance Union. Mr. Barr was in Clarksburg when his wife died, but started at once for Bradford when the sad news reached him. The family have the sincere sympathy of all in their loss.—Bradford Star.

The Barr family were for a number of years highly respected residents of Smethport and the most sincere sympathy is expressed for the husband, sons and daughters of this estimable woman, in their sad bereavement.

Santa Claus' Mail.

Heretofore it has been the strict rule of the Postoffice Department to send all letters addressed to Santa Claus to the *Dead Letter office*, and thereby weaken the faith of children in this good, though mythical Saint, but from some of our exchanges we learn that exceptions have been made in some cities and an order issued giving these postmasters permission to deliver these letters to persons who are willing to locally represent Santa Claus and gladden the hearts of youngsters who otherwise would not be remembered by Kris Kringle.

Postmaster Gallup has received no such order and therefore the MINER will do its best to assist in solving this problem as it has been solved in these cities by acting as a go-between. If the needy little ones who have no Santa Claus in their family will address their letters to "Santa Claus, care of MINER office," we will make an effort to see that they are forwarded to some local agent of Santa who will supply the wants of the little ones in a moderate way and yet in a way that the poor as well as the rich, in this year of Our Lord, will have a Merry Merry Christmas.

Christmas at St. Luke's.

At St. Luke's church on Christmas Eve, Tuesday, 24th, the service will be at 7 p. m. The junior choir will sing the new anthems, Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, which they have learned recently, and also a new selection of Christmas carols. After the service there will be a short entertainment in the parish house before the distribution of gifts from the Christmas tree.

On Christmas, Wednesday, 25th, the general Communion will be at 8 a. m. At the 10:30 celebration of the Holy Eucharist there will be the usual selections of festal music and a short address by the rector. The offering will be for the General Clergy Relief Fund. The service and Christmas tree at All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, will be on Christmas Eve, Tuesday, at 4 p. m.

Window Glass Factory Item.

Owing to the fact that the flattners and cutters were not working the blowers and gatherers of the Smethport Window Glass company's plant had to stop working the latter part of last week as the factory was filled with unflattened glass.

Tuesday morning one of the flattening ovens was placed in operation and yesterday afternoon the manager of the factory informed the MINER that considerable glass had been flattened and cut ready for shipment and that chances were good for soon having that department of the plant in regular operation. From present indications the blowers and gatherers may be able to resume work the last of this week.

The Cost.

For students over seventeen years of age the cost of board, room rent, light, heat and laundry at the Clarion State Normal School is little more than three dollars and fifty cents per week. The liberality of the state makes this possible. The large attendance at this prosperous school has made it necessary to increase the dormitory capacity. Winter session opens Dec. 31.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to P. A. McCoy. 46-tf

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy, Burg Chadwick, Prop.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

A Thrilling Occurrence.

Anyone who did not consider "The Train Robbers" worth the price of admission at the Lyceum last Thursday night must have something wrong with his sense of humor—although the play is not produced as a comedy.

The specialties introduced by the company are clever—especially Prof. R. G. Herman, the "handcuff king," who assured the audience he would be better-looking if he washed his face. This gentleman quickly separated himself from various makes of handcuffs and to the consternation of the audience even Lee Foote was unable to hold him. The professor deftly removed that officer's irons and laughed merrily at his alleged astonishment. Then Frank Dunbar tied the professor in a chair in a complicated manner, peculiarly his own, but Mr Herman hardly waited for the audience to appreciate the predicament he was in, before he was free and smiling patronizingly upon them.

The play was an acute melo-drama. The villian was discovered the minute the curtain arose, because he wore a clean shirt and was smoking a cigarette. Then a young fellow entered, who said "Bedad," and thereafter was unable to conceal the fact that he was the Irish comedian. Of course there was a hero, Jack Darrel, who loved Nellie Julian, the heroine, and told her all about it in the first act, whereupon she promised to marry him with an air of pleased surprise. The villian also loved her and put up a job on Jack so that he was accused of robbing Nellie's papa. To this infamous disclosure the hero exclaims, "I am inocent," and Allen Pinkerton, the Nemesis, believes him and gives him a job as a detective to prove it to the audience.

The second act finds the whole company in the West and the heroine in the power of the villian. Although this villian is captain of a band of train robbers and on all account tough citizen, he appears very much afraid of the young heroine and requires the assistance of several robust men to keep her a prisoner. Finally the hero appears. He is disguised, but everybody in the house recognizes him at once except the people on the stage. He says "stronger" when he means stranger, and has other symptoms of being a misguided under foot, but with the help of the Irish comedian and a colored man they temporarily relieve the heroine from captivity, and the act closes with a display of fire-arms that would do credit to a first-class hardware store.

Thus it is a succession of thrills until the last act when the villian grown desperate, grabs the heroine and places her in front of a large pasteboard locomotive, which very properly refuses to move until she has been rescued. Later the villian falls punctured by many pellets of soap and everybody is happy again.

"The Train Robbers" is certainly the best joke of the season.

"Miss Petticoats" a Success.

Apropos of the coming of the above attraction to Smethport, which the management announces for January 17th, a few words of introduction will be in order. Reports from the company indicate that it has played to very good houses everywhere on its tour of New England states and of New York state, and made a host of friends who will not soon forget the beautiful story of Agatha Renier, or "Miss Petticoats." We do not hesitate to recommend this story to all lovers of good fiction. Reviewing the Thanksgiving performance the Gloversville, N. Y., Herald of Nov. 29th says: "'Miss Petticoats' was the attraction yesterday afternoon and evening at the Darling Theatre and it was a pleasing surprise to the theatregoers, many of whom had read the book and were anxious to see the production. The play was well staged and excellently acted. The scenes are laid in New England and were decidedly refreshing and fascinating. All in all the Thanksgiving attraction was far above the usual standard."

Williamsport Commercial College.

Eighty calls for bookkeepers and stenographers received since September first. Winter term begins January 6th. Trial lessons and catalogue free. We also teach by mail.

Call at Currie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Hosiery, with a six month's guarantee, for men and women; make a suitable Xmas present. Monheimer sells and guarantees them against holes.

Mrs. Bisett's City Store shows the latest things in Christmas gifts for ladies, Misses and children.

Ask Daly & Garlick about that Big Teddy Bear. It is not for sale but to be given away.

Combination sets of Suspenders, Garters, Sleeveholders, 3 in a box, at Monheimer's.

"Druggist" Cigars everywhere.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

On Friday, November 4, 1887, Rev. Dr. Barrows of Olean, performed the ceremony which makes William M. Holmes and Miss Zena Baker, estimable young people of Port Allegany, man and wife.

The marriage is announced of H. D. Caskey, editor of the Austin Autograph, to Miss Mattie Brock of Ceres. We extend our congratulations to the happy pair, with the wish that their journey through life may be a joyous one.

An eight pound girl baby arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Baker on Green street, on Monday, November 7, 1887. Both mother and child are doing well.

At her home in this borough on Tuesday, November 8th, 1887, Mrs. Sarah Hacket, wife of Moses Hacket, Esq., in the 66th year of her age.

The family desire to return thanks to the people of Smethport for their kindness in caring for the deceased during her last illness, and especially to Miss Ella Freeman for the lovely basket of flowers with which the coffin was beautified at the funeral.

Died in Dexter, Cowley county, Kansas, October 28th, 1887, of typho-malaria, Elmer H. Fletcher, in the 26th year of his age.

The deceased was a son of L. B. and Lucina Fletcher, formerly a resident of Hamlin township, this county, and were at the time of the young man's death, visiting relatives in this vicinity.—A dispatch was received by Mr. Fletcher on the 28th, announcing the serious illness of his son. The father started immediately for Kansas, but only to find his son dead and buried when he arrived there.

We remember the young man as one of unusual promise; one sure to make his mark in the world; and although his death occured among comparative strangers, kind hands and sympathizing friends were not wanting to administer such comforts as were possible in life's last moments. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Rice, who spoke feelingly of the good qualities, and the impression the deceased had made on the community as one having a mind ripe beyond his years. Several floral offerings were presented by the ladies of Dexter, one of which, a beautiful wreath, was sent to the young man's mother as an expression of sympathy in this, her sad bereavement. This conduct on the part of comparative strangers, so grateful to the friends of the deceased in their hour of sorrow, reveals the strength and purity of that sympathy which "makes the whole world kin," and will never be forgotten.

We are pleased to publish the following account from the Kane Leader of a marriage ceremony which took place in this borough last week. "It will be interesting to the numerous friends of Simon William Hubbard to learn that he was married Tuesday, November 15, 1887, in Smethport. Mr. Hubbard will be remembered as the son of Simon Hubbard, one of the first conductors on the Philadelphia & Erie railroad, and who was killed in a wreck near Johnsonburg. A part of Mr. Hubbard's childhood was spent in Kane where he was familiarly known as "Daisy." He went, when quite young, with his mother and step-father, James A. McKean, to Marvin Creek, where he has lived ever since. The bride is not so well known in this section of country, her home being in York State; but the conclusion is irresistable that a gentleman of Mr. Hubbard's discernment and moral training has selected for himself a lady in every respect worthy of him.

The wedding arrangements were under the admirable direction of Mrs. Charles McKean. The ceremony was performed by Father Gallagan in the manner prescribed by the Roman Catholic church, after which the party proceeded to the Grand Central to breakfast. The bride and groom took the early train for the home of the bride, Miss Nettie Elizabeth Parsons, at Marathon, Cortland county, N. Y."

Burdick-Hebner.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1887, Mr. C. A. Burdick of Smethport, to Miss Sue Hebner of Harrisburg. We can only make the foregoing announcement, not having any particulars in reference to the happy event, excepting the bare fact that the marriage took place on the day mentioned. The writer of this had the pleasure of meeting the bride on several occasions, and he does not hesitate to say that she is a lovely woman, who adorns any society in which she moves, and who will make the gentleman who has become her future husband a most excellent wife. The many friends of Mr. Burdick in this section of country extend to him through the MINER their congratulations on his good fortune. We are authorized to state that the happy couple will be "at home" at their residence on the corner of King and Mechanic streets in this borough, after Dec. 3rd.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Of Interest to Road Workers.

The following letter to Hon. Joseph W. Hunter, State Highway Commissioner, is self-explanatory:

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 9th, 1907.

"Under date of December 2nd you submitted to the Attorney General, for an official opinion, the question of your right to appoint inspectors on the reconstruction of public roads. You state that, since the creation of your Department, you have been employing men in this capacity in the interest of the State to make sure that the contractors in each case do their work honestly and fairly in accordance with the contract and specifications, and have charged this apparently necessary expense to the cost of each individual road so constructed. It appears that your right to do this has been questioned for the reason that no where in the Act of May 1, 1905, (P. L. 318), or in the Act of June 8, 1907, (P. L. 505) is there any specific mention made of inspection or of employing inspectors.

Section 9 of the Act of May 1, 1905, (P. L. 321) contains the following language:

"The State Highway Department may, if the funds at its disposal permit of so doing, contract jointly with the county and township or townships in which the said highway lies, to carry out the recommendations of the State Highway Commissioner; the cost of the same, including all the necessary surveys, grading, material, construction, reconstruction, changes of grade, and expenses in connection with the improvement of said highway, to be borne * * * but the work of construction shall be done under the supervision of the State Highway Department the same as any other road reconstructed under the provisions of the Act."

Substantially this same language occurs in the second section of the Act of 5th June, 1907, (P. L. 508).

The point involved in the question which you submit therefore depends upon the construction of the foregoing language, and whether the salary of the inspectors is a legitimate part of the expenses and therefore properly chargeable to the cost of the road.

The general purpose of this legislation is to place the work of the reconstruction of roads under your authority and supervision, and you are given broad powers to enable you to secure proper and adequate returns for the large sums of public money wisely and generously appropriated for this purpose.

It will be conceded that some system of daily inspection is absolutely necessary to insure proper work on the part of the contractors and it is manifestly impossible for you or your small staff of engineers to personally perform this duty upon each of the large number of contracts continually under way in different parts of the State. To be effective it must be done by having an inspector or supervisor constantly on each contract from the time work is begun until it is finished. Anything short of that would not comply with the duty of "supervision" imposed upon you by the Act.

The various counties and townships in which roads are reconstructed are as much concerned as is the State in securing proper constructed roads, and it is therefore fair that the cost of the supervision should be included in the "expenses" of the improvement.

For the reasons above stated I am of opinion and advise you that the course you have been pursuing in this matter is proper and lawful, and that it should be continued.

Very truly yours,
FREDERIC W. FLEITZ,
Deputy Attorney General

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 14, 1907:

Mrs. A. A. Anderson, W. E. Blake, Miss Lizzie Connell, Eugene Coone, F. C. Hoyt, D. Hendrian, Mrs. J. E. Larson, Thos. Roberts, John Savoy.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

They are peaches! What? The mufflers, ties, gloves, umbrellas and suit cases which Monheimer shows. See them before buying elsewhere.

My stock of Christmas goods are ready for your inspection. Call and see them. Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Everything in toys for Christmas at Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's City Store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Quality Cigar, "Druggist" Straight 5.

Joke On the Customer.

A rather amusing story is told on a man who went into a hardware store of a neighboring town and wished to purchase an axe, says an Ohio paper. Being shown the article and informed that the price was $1.16, he said: "Why, I can get that same kind of an axe from a mail-order house for 90 cents."

"Very good," said the hardware man, "I will give it to you for the same price, provided that you will do the same with me as you would with them."

"All right," replied the customer as he handed over a dollar bill, the merchant giving him back ten cents in change.

"Now," said the hardware man, "I want 25 cents more to pay express charges," which the purchaser gave him. "How much did your axe cost you?"

"One dollar and fifteen cents," the man answered.

"Very good; now give me the five cents more for money order fees and postage," which the purchaser had to hand over. "Now how much did your axe cost you?"

"One dollar and twenty cents," said the customer.

"Not so cheap after all," said the merchant, whereupon he picked up the axe, put it back on the shelf and told the customer to call for it in ten days, as that would be as soon as he could get it if he had ordered it from the mail-order house.

Hospital Attendant Arrested.

Le Grande Frost, an attendant at the State Hospital for the Insane at North Warren, was arrested last Thursday, charged with manslaughter, at the instance of District Attorney W. S. Clark. Frost was one of the attendants who had trouble with one Elmer Bly of Coudersport, on Monday evening, the struggle resulting in the death of Bly an hour after the altercation. The coroner's jury, called to hold an inquest into the affair, presented a verdict that no one was to blame for the death of the patient, which so they said resulted from epilepsy. The district attorney, however, seems to have arrived at a different conclusion from hearing the evidence, and ordered the attendant taken into custody.—Warren Mirror.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" Coming.

The Lyceum will on Monday Dec. 23 offer its patrons the old favorite Al. W. Martin's grand spectacular revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This attraction is classed the biggest scenic production of this well known story the American stage has ever seen. No such amount of money as Mr. Martin has spent on this production has ever before been expended on this neglected and much abused but still most successful of American dramas. The Company consists of 50 all white people including a chorus of 20 singers and dancers, blackened to impersonate the negroes of the south. A grand concert band and orchestra will give noonday and evening concerts free, which don't fail to hear.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Sunday Hack to Newton.

J. E. Haley announces that he runs a hack to Newton Sunday regularly to meet the 3:12 train on the B. R. & P., and will meet all other trains when notified in advance. Leave word at Haley's livery or C. B. Dickenson's store.

For Sale at Palmer's Livery.

2 fairly good second-hand cutters, 1 set delivery sleighs, 1 set surrey bobs, 1 set light sleighs—no body, 1 double and 1 single driving harness. All in good order. A. T. PALMER,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 19.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—*don't forget the name, and accept no substitute.* Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Mollie E. Pierce will receive to-morrow, another shipment of the G. G. Rhodes Hand Painted China. Nothing finer for Xmas gifts. Prices right.

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 8x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Smallveint.

No jewelry store has a larger line of watch fobs, cuff buttons and scarf pins than Monheimer shows.

That Nickel Plated ware at Daly & Garlick's looks just as nice as silver.

All Christmas goods at greatly reduced prices at L. K. Hogarth's.

Do not fail to look at the Chinaware at Daly & Garlick's.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by O. H. Gleason.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowds. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squalidly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and unbrushed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands in contrast to the flushed, hungry, hopeless, feverish wild faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

At the Bijou theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeit presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's carnival across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and as

THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

natural as life, and a camel with two backs, and a lot of other strange animals, all of which were to be in the grand march.

Amid the confusion of tinsel and trappings, of strange animals and stranger people, of scenery and "props" and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara," the scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the producers of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful, pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had "a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager." No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a prosce nium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for supper. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on.

Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a puff at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Bijou Opera Company:

Dear Sir—I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we, my little daughter and myself in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I dislike very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is beyond endurance. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget. If you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a thrilling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was then tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vendor on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy hearts, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the conifer. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie, bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair, sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stocking, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Conservative Speech.

There were some doubts in the community as to Homer Floyd's fitness for a position on the school board, owing to certain lapses in his early education, but his first speech in his official capacity silenced the tongues of all critics. He listened to several recitations with a grave and interested air, and at the end of the last one he arose to address the school "by request."

"Some things are in my province as member of the school board and some are not," he said, with a genial smile. "It's within my province to say that I never heard scholars answer up more promptly than you children of district No. 3. As to whether your answers were or were not correct it is not my place to say. Your teacher knows, and in her hands I leave the matter."—Youth's Companion.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expels the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

KIT CARSON.

Feat of Which the Hardy Frontiersman Had No Recollection.

One of the most noted of the hardy western frontiersmen was Kit Carson to whom, with Daniel Boone, belongs the credit of having always dealt fairly with the various Indian tribes, as they themselves acknowledged. The withdrawal of Carson by the government was the cause of a great war. Captain Henry Inman in his book, "The Old Santa Fe Trail," relates an amusing incident of the gallant pioneer.

My own conception of Kit Carson as a child was that he was ten feet high, that it would have required the strength of two men to lift his rifle that he usually drank a river dry and picked the carcass of a whole buffalo clean as easily as a lady does the wing of a quail. Years after, when I made the acquaintance of the foremost frontiersman, I found him a delicate, reticent, undersized, wiry man, the very opposite type of what my childish brain had created.

One day while Kit was at the fort I came across a periodical that had a full page illustration of a scene in a forest. In the foreground stood a gigantic figure dressed in the traditional buckskin.

On one arm rested an immense rifle. His other arm was around the waist of the conventional female of such sensational journals, while in front half a dozen Indians lay prone, evidently slain by the hero in the impossible attire in defense of the preposterous female. The legend stated how all this had been effected by Kit Carson.

I handed it to Kit. He wiped his spectacles, studied the picture intently for a few seconds and then said:

"Gentlemen, that thar may be true, but I hain't got no recollection of it."

A JOURNALISTIC HOAX.

Trick the Harvard Lampoon Played on the Crimson.

Speaking of the Crimson, Harvard's daily newspaper, reminds every Harvard man of the Lampoon's masterstroke of joke—played on that dignified and unsuspecting sheet on Memorial day, 1901. The Crimson had announced that it would not appear on that holiday, but unceremoniously, so few were supposed to find their Crimson at their door that morning as usual. Their surprise began, however, when they scanned its contents. This always serious sheet seemed to have become most frivolous and irresponsible during the night, for in its columns all sorts of weird and fantastic statements appeared.

The news, though clothed in the usual heavy, dignified Crimson style, was wholly revolutionary in character. Among the items that appeared were: "A Plot to Blow Up Memorial Hall," "Strong Men to Get the Varsity 11," "Wellesley Crew to Row Guests of the University" and most important of all in advice, "Lampoon Celebration at 7 Tonight." Then the joke came out. The Lampoon had published the famous "fake" Crimson," the joke was known throughout the country, and that night Lampy's sanctum was the scene of bacchanalian revelry. When the following year the Crimson editors sat up all night with injunctions against a repetition of the joke the joke was again on them, for Lampy differs from history in that he never repeats himself.—K. B. Townsend in Bohemian.

Mississippi Oratory.

Jasper county has been noted for the high grade of eloquence produced by the public men of that part of Mississippi. An appeal to the "mighty men of Jasper" made by one of that county's great men when a candidate to the voters who elected him is as follows:

"Mighty men of Jasper, if I can be instrumental in the hands of my people in adding a few jewels to those that now shine in imperishable luster on the queenly brow of our proud commonwealth, whose associated radiance, like the lambent beauty of the star, is to guide the footsteps of her children along the paths of peace and prosperity, security and happiness, I shall then have accomplished the ambition of my life."—Mobile Register.

Superlative Beauty.

A Swedish newspaper recently invited its readers to state in a few words what they considered the most beautiful thing in the world. The first prize was carried off by an anonymous answer, "The eyes of my mother." More imaginative was the reader who won the next prize by suggesting, "The dream of that which we know to be impossible."

The most winning answer was that which read, "The most beautiful thing in the world is to see a man carrying his mother-in-law across a dangerous river without making any attempt to drop her in."

Proved Useless.

"When you was little, was you spanked like I am to make you good, papa?"

"I was, my son, and spanked hard too."

"Then you can't fool me no more, 'cause if it didn't make you good it won't make me good."—San Francisco Call.

An Escape.

Maid—No, mum: Mrs. Dodge is out. Visitor—How fortunate! When I saw her peeping through the curtain as I came up the path I was so afraid she would be in.—London Opinion.

Every one ought to measure himself by his own proper foot and standard.—Horace.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
in good, reliable companies.

Cigarettes as Wedding Fee.

As one of Manila's leading young men was donning his evening suit preparatory to keeping a social engagement he ran his hand into his pocket and was surprised to find an envelope there. On opening it he discovered 25 pesos in bills. "Now, where in thunder did I take on all this money?" he said. "It isn't mine, for I never carry my bills around in an envelope." Then he sat down to think where he had worn the suit and how he had come by the 25 pesos. "The last place I wore it," he mused finally, "was when I was best man at a wedding a month ago. But I gave Fr. Rossiter the money. I remember distinctly giving him something, and it must have been his fee. If I didn't give him the money, what in the world did I give him?" He called up Fr. Rossiter by phone. "Do you mind telling me," he asked, "what I gave you for a fee at Hunk's wedding?" The answer came back very distinctly and cuttingly: "Young man, you gave me a box of fifty smoking cigarettes."—Philippine Gossip.

Something Lacking.

"These big hotels are not so complete."

"What's lacking?"

"The express elevator gets you to the fifty-second floor all right, but there is not quite corridor conditions out and up also."—Montreal Star.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photographic line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.
Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
PHOTOGRAPHY
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PHOTOGRAPHY

I have just received the most complete line of
CHANDELIERS
ever shown at one time in the town.
If you intend buying a chandelier this winter you will do well to examine my stock for Bargains in this line.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPOR

Headache

Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause.
The oftener you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker will it return.
Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably
Lane's Family Medicine
(a tonic laxative) will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.
It is a great blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.
At druggists', 25c. and 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses the hair and softens the skin. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 Cents and $1.00 at Druggists.

FOR YOUNG OR OLD THE BEST PILL SOLD
Rings Little Liver Pills

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL
Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the
Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company
Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.
"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"
If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.
Excellent Values at 20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.
J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.
Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

L. K. Hogarth
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.
Opposite Grange National Bank
Our Ice Cream factory has been improved and is again in operation. For Christmas will have Vanilla, Banana and Chocolate Ice Cream. Plain or in bricks.
New China. Fresh Fine Candies. Best line of Cigars ever seen in Smethport.
Everything in the Druggist line of the best at the right prices.
Hot and Cold Soda.
Call and see us.
L. K. HOGARTH,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Orange Bank SMETHPORT

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.
We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT.
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.
Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
Just What You Want.
A line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at
625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
C. A. SNOW & CO.

A. STURDVEINT
I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc
Your patronage is solicited.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weaknesses and failing, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvis

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of success in the most trying and exacting cases in the practice of the Pierce Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and is the most widely known and popular remedy of its kind sold through druggists. It is made of the glycetic extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well, proven remedy OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Smethport Cut Glass	Fine China
Carving Sets	Safety Razors
Roasters	Pocket Knives
Wringers	Air Rifles
Dinner Sets	Sleds and Skates
Cups and Saucers	Doll Carriages
Gas Lamps	Coaster Wagons
Oil Lamps	Money Banks

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—B. J. Cummins informs us that he is going to be a candidate for Clerk of the Courts.

—H. W. Rubin's advertisement this week contains a list of useful articles that will make valuable gifts.

—The Hamlin Bank & Trust Co have a change of advertisement this week to which your attention is directed.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have a large ad this week full of seasonable suggestions. It will be to your advantage to read what they have to offer.

—C. W. Freeman of Smethport will announce himself at the proper time as a candidate for county commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

—A valuable horse belonging to F. A. Green died Saturday night. There seems to be an epidemic of horse diseases at present as many animals are reported very sick.

—Over in Warren county last week there were not enough cases on the calendar to warrant holding the term of common pleas court. Jurymen summoned for Monday were notified not to appear.

—The constable of Lewisville, Potter county, has returned the burgess and council of that borough, charging that they do not keep the streets in repair. The case will be heard at the regular term of court in Coudersport this week.

—At a special meeting of the Smethport Hose company last Friday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Guy H. McCoy; vice president; Thos. Cole; secretary, Fred Hungiville; treasurer, M. L. Armstrong; foreman, John W. Waite; first assistant, Wellington Stark; second assistant, C. B. Corwin; trustee, B. L. Knapp.

—J. C. Hamlin increases his advertising space this week in order to mention a number of articles which will make excellent gifts.

—Favorable surroundings and good influence prevail at Edinboro Normal. No licensed hotel and no saloon. A special law forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors to students. Winter term begins Jan. 1, 1908. Write the principle for catalog.

—The bowling alleys in the basement of the Backus building have been thoroughly repaired, leveled and scraped and will soon be opened to the public. There are many bowlers in town who will be glad to hear that the alleys are in first-class condition.

—An exchange remarks that a man can start out any day, and inside of an hour and thirty minutes he can engage a woman to work for him for life at nothing a week, while it will take two weeks of solid search to get one to work at fair wages and board.

—One of the sharpers who took money from farmers in payments for sugar, which was never delivered was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary at a session of court in Scranton. John Bloomer of Coudersport was one of the victims of this swindler and was a witness against him at the recent trial.

—The eight-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Claronbe E. Hitchcock of Bradford was choked to death by a small piece of apple last Saturday evening. Another child of the family was eating an apple and the baby secured a small piece and tried to swallow a particle which lodged in its throat, shutting off its breath, and before it could be removed the little one was dead.

—We understand that the borough council does not intend to have the horse-power snow plow run on the sidewalks of this borough this winter, owing to the fact that many board walks are not safe for a horse and that owners of stone and cement walks do not care to have horses driven over them. In this event the council should enforce the borough ordinance in regard to owners keeping their walks clear of snow.

—The Lindholm Co. offers you the compliments of the season in a new ad this week and contains notice of price reductions to which your attention is directed.

—Daly & Garlick have a big double-column ad to-day in which can be found much valuable holiday information concerning elegant gifts which can be found at their big store.

—Ike Simons of Bradford has a big ad to-day calling attention to the many Christmas gifts for men which can be found at his store. Prices that cannot fail to interest you are quoted.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Spring formerly of Coudersport recently moved to Smethport and are now pleasantly located in the Gwatting house on Mill street next to F. A. Green's grist mill. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column Mrs. Spring has opened a new millinery parlor at her home.

—The basket ball game at the Lyceum last Friday night was an exciting one. The Kane and Smethport high school teams met, it being the local team's first game of the season. At the conclusion of the rattling first half the score was 18 to 8 in favor of Smethport. In the second half by desperate playing Kane tied the score and when time was called the game stood 20-20. Then it was agreed that the side making the next score would be declared victor, and after a few minutes fast play a Kane man threw a basket. Final score, Kane 22, Smethport 20. The local players plainly showed the good effects of training and practice and that they will make all opponents hustle this season is certain. It is an interesting sport and the games should receive better patronage.

—Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evident by mean headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public to-day for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than Kodol. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Just a little Cascaweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascaweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$200,000.00
Reserves amount	$100,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

THE COST OF LIVING

is more easily adjusted to your income by the use of a checking account. From month to month you have an exact record of all money received and paid out.

PAY BY CHECK GET A RECEIPT

The endorsement upon the back of a check is proof that the party received the amount of the check.

Start to-day to pay by check. Your account is earnestly solicited.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

BRADFORD, PA

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

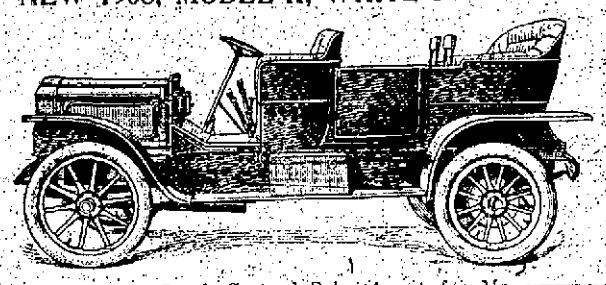
BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c	Emperor and Puritan 30c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c	Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You.	Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Beautiful Christmas Gifts — AT Kerr's Jewelry Store.

At this time of year this store is a thing of beauty and a joy to the Christmas shopper, for we carry just the thing you are looking for. Here a few suggestions:

Diamonds from $10.00 up to $600.00.
Watches, all styles and prices.
Precious Stones in all styles and settings.
Silverware, all that is new and pretty.
Beautiful Hand Painted China.
Rich Cut Glass.
Fancy Umbrellas.
And all the correct things in jewelry, including many of the latest novelties.

You will be hard to suit if we cannot please you. Mail orders solicited.

Kerr's Jewelry Store,

Smethport, - - - Penna.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

The Spirit of Christmas on the Rails.

At no other period of the year does homehunger grip the the human heart with such an eager yearning as at Christmas time. The lasting memories of the old homestead, the tender welcome of the older and the merry greetings of the younger dear ones, the happy re union about the festal board, the pungent odor of the cedar, the witchery of the holly, the lurking sentiment of the mistletoe, all combine to make a lure well nigh irresistable.

It is the season of re-unions and forgatherings, of meeting and parting.

The zest of travel is rife, for apart from the home-coming and social exchanges it is a holiday time for many and there are pleasant excursions to be made, where sight-seeing has an added relish from the prevalent gaiety and good cheer.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is always popular at holiday times. Its system is so far-reaching, and at the same time so closely interwoven with the needs of the traveler, its trains are so numerous and so well equipped for the accommodation of every class of travel, and its ticketing arrangements so satisfying, that it might be termed the Santa Claus route.

Its Limited trains carrying the highest grade of travelers, completely appointed in every detail, offer exceptional advantages to the children going from school for the Christmas vacation. The boys naturally gravitate to such trains; the girls will find every comfort and safeguard, as well as a maid at their command.

No matter whether buying it is wise to consult Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent as to trains and rates. He can start you right; the rest will be easy.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, ten cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1907.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has informed a Japanese who called upon him that he will visit Japan after his term expires.

GRANGERS of Pennsylvania endorse woman suffrage and local option. They also demand that the motto "In God We Trust" be restored to gold coins. The convention of the organization, held last week at Chester, showed that the farmers of the State have ideas of their own on the issues of the day. They all take the papers and are quite up to date in reform movements.—Bradford Era.

CANDIDATES for the various county offices continue to make themselves known. In fact if the present rush continues it will soon be a rarity to meet a man who is *not a candidate for office*. For sheriff, five or six candidates are mentioned, and for county commissioners at least twelve men are in the hands of their friends. There will be no lack of aspirants for the other offices and by the time the primaries roll around the voter will have a big assortment to select from.

THE Democrat last week intimated it will have vengence on a certain Swedish-American who intends to be a candidate for County Commissioner on the Republican ticket, because he thinks this gentleman is responsible for our disputing the Democrat's assertion that Mr. Isherwood received a large Swedish-American vote in this vicinity. The Democrat editor seems to think he can control the Republican primaries, and yet he accuses us of having a "big head" simply because we have the nerve to cross swords with "his mightiness."

THE great fleet has sailed. Sixteen battleships comprising the backbone of the American navy left Old Point Comfort, Va., Monday morning on their 14,000 miles cruise to the western coast of the United States. This magnificent fleet is under the command of Rear Admiral Evans, known the country over as "Fighting Bob." The scene at the departure of these monsters of the deep was one never to be forgotten and inspired some excellent descriptive work from the pens of leading newspaper writers who were present. President Roosevelt, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States was present, on board the yacht, "May flower" and that boat headed the formidable procession four miles upon its stars. Then the "May flower" dropped anchor and from her deck the President reviewed the sixteen fighting machines as they passed one by one upon their long journey. The mammoth "Connecticut," Admiral Evans' flagship, led the fleet which represents five distinct types of battleship construction and is in many respects the greatest fleet of warships ever gathered together. Not only is this country greatly interested in the unique cruise but the eyes of the world are upon those powerful ships and the comments made are many and the opinions expressed varied in tone. The English press, or the influential part of it, seems to regard the move with favor and compliments President Roosevelt highly upon bringing this cruise about, as an admirable test of the sea-going qualities of the big ships. Some other foreign newspapers do not take the matter in a peaceful light and call it a direct affront to Japan which may bring forth dire consequences.

Castle For Local Option.

"I do not care what becomes of the Prohibition party if local option becomes general in this State. Prohibition means nothing to me as long as it does not effect a curtailment of the liquor traffic. It is better to eradicate two-thirds of the rum selling than none at all."

With these words Homer Castle, erstwhile leader of the Prohibitionists of the State, threw a bomb into the midst of 300 Prohibition banqueters at the Monongahela House Friday night, says a report from Pittsburg. The gathering was complimentary to M. H. Stevenson, late Prohibition candidate for State treasurer. Mr. Stevenson, Dr. Harper Smith and other local teetotalers had spoken against the principle of local option before Mr. Castle was called on. His remarks nearly disrupted the meeting and some of the other banqueters were unkind enough, after he sat down, to attribute his position to political aspirations with one of the old parties.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water bath, $8 per month. Inquire of Hallnp, postmaster. tf

THE LYCEUM

Monday, Dec. 23, '07.

THE COLOSSAL OF ALL

AL. W. MARTIN'S

World's Greatest

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Newest Edition of the Oldest Hit.

50 ALL WHITE PEOPLE ON THE STAGE 50

A Carload of Special Scenery
Solo Orchestra of 10 Musicians
20 Singers and Dancers
10 Russian and Cuban Bloodhounds

—SEE—

The Ice-Choked Ohio River
The Quaker Tavern
Famous New Orleans Auction Mart
The Wild Rocky Pass
Legree's Red River Cotton Plantation
St. Clair's Louisiana Home
The Home of Uncle Tom
EVA and Her Pony "PEEK-A-BOO"
The Only Original One.

Don't miss hearing the Grand

BAND CONCERT

at 12 m. at Cor. of Main & Fulton Sts and at 7:30 p. m. front of Theatre.

Prices, - 25, 35 and 50 Cts.

Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Report of the Condition

OF

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OF SMETHPORT, PA., AT NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 10, 1907.

RESOURCES

Cash on hand	$ 57 [illegible] 30
Checks and other cash items	4[illegible]0 00
Due from Banks and Bankers	[illegible]5 [illegible]
Commercial and other paper purchased	[illegible]
Time Loans upon Collateral	[illegible]
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages	[illegible]
Investment securities owned, viz: State, Borough etc., Stocks and Mortgages, Judgments, [illegible]	[illegible]
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	[illegible]
Overdrafts	[illegible]
	$577511 90

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$[illegible]
Surplus Fund	[illegible]
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	[illegible]
Deposits, subject to check $[illegible]	[illegible]
Deposits, special $[illegible]	[illegible]
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding	[illegible]
	$577511 90

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss:
COUNTY OF McKEAN }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed.) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 10th day of December, 1907.

(Signed.) HALLIE WALKER, Notarial Seal. Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 28, 1911.

Correct—Attest:

(Signed.) HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
FRED D. GALE,
Directors.

All lamp troubles are done away with when GOOD OIL is used

FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

gives the highest possible efficiency in light without any of the trouble of ordinary tank wagon oil.

By the most careful process known all the heavy paraffine and light-destroying substances are removed and all the volatile oils evaporated, leaving just the pure illuminant—Family Favorite.

No better is made —
Ask your dealer

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
Independent Refiners
OILS FOR ALL PURPOSES
Pittsburg, Pa.
BOOKLET SENT FREE

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST
OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

See Our
Christmas Goods
Millinery and
Ladies' Furnishings.
Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED
BOWEL BON BON

People who take Hun-E-Lax are laying a foundation for health and strength, sound nerves and a clear head. Get a 10c box (the vest-pocket size) to-day and try it. IT PAYS. Hun-E-Lax is a little bee-hive shaped bowel bon-bon, moves the bowels gently, cures biliousness, sour stomach. Wards off indigestion and dyspepsia. Livens the Liver. An occasional one prevents appendicitis and piles. 10-25-50. Druggists
WIDOW LAXATIVE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

AS USUAL

H. C. WELLS

is headquarters for the Holiday shopper and the line is complete in every detail.

My stock includes a LARGE LINE OF TOYS,—not the cheap, trashy toys so often shown, but substantial toys—the kind that pleases the youngster for years to come. These I will sell at cost or below because I am going out of the toy business. Come early for these for they will only last a short time at the prices.

TOILET ARTICLES

My display of Toilet Articles is one of the finest ever shown in this place, and the prices are right. See them before making your purchases.

LEATHER GOODS

This line is complete, comprising most useful gifts at reasonable prices.

OTHER GIFTS

We have many other appropriate gifts, including the best of Perfumes Vases, Stationery, Pipes, Cigars, and others too numerous to mention. Call and see.

H. C. WELLS,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Mufflers | New Ties

Useful Christmas Gifts.

Mufflers Flannel Shirts Rain Coats Hats
Neckties Suit Cases Overcoats
Sweaters Gloves Top Coats Shoes
Shirts Suspenders Suits Mitteus
Slippers Trunks Traveling Bags Jewelry

The Above Gifts Are the Most Useful at the Lowest Prices

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Brown Derbies | Rain Coats

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison

143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

Olean's Big Deparartment Store

"WHEN THE LITTLE EMPTY STOCKING HANGS."

Once in each year very near the end of twelve months, there comes a certain night.

The little empty stocking hangs at the chimney piece. A dear little quaint little stocking that is all too small to hold the precious things that the loving saint will bring before the dawn breaks on Christmas morning.

If this store may play its part during the trying days that lie between now and Christmas Eve, if it may lighten the strain on your purse, for everyone's purse is too small at such a time, if by perfect unassuming service and superb assortment for your choosing, it may help to keep the puzzle wrinkles from your forehead, it will have done all we hoped and planned to have it do.

Our sales force will find no effort too great, if it helps you in your selection. For Christmas in all the word means—this store is ready.

100 Feet of Counter Space.

Handkerchiefs of every description. Swiss and linen embroidered, hemstitched embroidered, plain hemstitched linen, initial handkerchiefs, lace edge handkerchiefs, all prices from 5c to $5.00 each.

Beautiful Christmas Boxes in basement

Handsome waist patterns in Christmas boxes. Handsome corset cover patterns in Christmas boxes.

Xmas Umbrellas.

No stock is so large and varied in this city. Gift umbrellas in handsome boxes lined with silk, price $3.75 to $12. The handles of our umbrellas are superb and prices as usual very reasonable.

Men's and Women's Slippers—All styles and all prices ranging from 48c to $2.

Fur Coats

Fur Coats, $25.00 to $150.00.
Fur Boas, $2.50 to $50.00.
Fur Muffs, $3.95 to $50.00.
Children's Fur Sets all prices.

Xmas Rug Sale.

Just before stock taking our assortment of rugs which is very large will be sold at special reductions. They are the kind of presents that makes the housewife happy.

Xmas Linens

Lunch cloths, table cloths, hand embroidered cloths, napkins, center pieces, doilies, pretty towels, dresser covers, etc., all so desirable and useful for Christmas.

Jewelry and Bric-a-Brac

One whole counter devoted to an attractive line.

Kid Gloves for Xmas

There is no store in Southwestern, N. Y. with so complete a line. "Trefousse" is the brand of Glove we sell. Mousquetaire gloves 8, 12 and 16 button lengths. Two clasp "Tampa" and "Dorothy" all shades. A full line of kid Gauntlets, kid mittens and fabric gloves.

Look over this list

Silk Hosiery—Silk Underwear—Aprons—Ribbons—laces—children's knit goods—children's bonnets—ladies neckwear—gents' mufflers—gents' ties—back combs—traveling companions—traveling bags—bath-robe blankets—bath-robes—smoking jackets—pretty muslin underwear—pretty box perfumes—toilet articles—silk scarfs—baskets—books, etc.

Toys and Dolls Basement
Pretty Silks for dresses
Lace Curtains, Draperies, etc.

There are thousands of articles in this big store that we can't remember. Don't forget our furniture store 2nd and 3rd floors. No stock in this part of the State compares in size or "up-to-dateness." We challenge competitors. If you select your furniture now it will be delivered to you before Christmas. Special attention is called to our store service. We have taken every pains to secure competent help for the holiday rush. Please report to the floor managers any seeming inattention on the part of the employees.

BELL BROTHERS,—
THE LEADING DRY GOODS, CARPET AND FURNITURE HOUSE OF SOUTHWESTERN NEW YORK.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WISHES YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

And as a Special Christmas offering make a Christmas discount of

10 per cent. on all COATS, SUITS AND SKIRTS in the Coat Department

This gives you a chance to buy Coats and Suits at after Christmas prices and save money on your Holiday purchases. Our department has many choice coats on the racks and new ones coming every day. Do not overlook this opportunity to purchase a coat for your wife or daughter. Certainly an acceptable Xmas gift.

Do it. Do it now.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

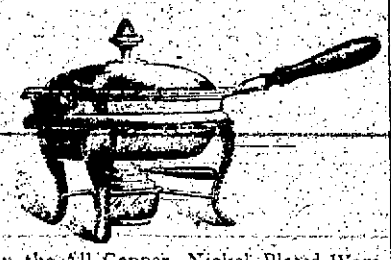
CHRISTMAS

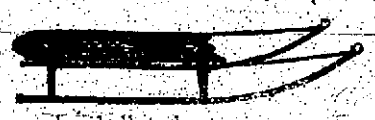
LET US HELP YOU TO DECIDE WHAT TO GET FOR THOSE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We know of no other article that will give more genuine pleasure and comfort than a Bissell Carpet Sweeper. We carry a nice line of them.

We have as complete a line of Chinaware as can be found in most of the cities. Dinner Sets in open stock patterns—can choose such pieces as you like. Hand paint-salad, chocolate sets, etc. A fine assortment of imported Japanese ware.

Another very useful as well as handsome gift is a chafing dish. We offer for your selection many new and pleasing patterns of chafing dishes, tea and coffee pots, tea kettles and baking dishes in the All Copper, Nickel Plated Ware.





—A boy's Christmas is not complete without a sled. We have them both in the wood and all steel.

CALL AND RECEIVE A PRESENT WHETHER YOU BUY OR NOT.

DALY & GARLICK.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—The MINER wishes its readers and everybody else a Merry Christmas.

—The borough schools close to-morrow afternoon for a two week vacation.

—Jobbers commenced delivering logs to Holmes & Gilfillan's sawmill yesterday.

—It is reported that the Smethport Cut Glass works will close the latter part of the week for a vacation of a week or two.

—The Berney-Bond Glass Bottle factory will shut down Saturday and remain closed one week on account of the holidays.

—Several chicken fanciers of Smethport attended the Poultry Show in Buffalo and a report this morning says that some of the Smethport fowls won prizes. Bradford and Kane members of the McKean County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, also won prizes.

—T. W. Martin's "Uncle Tom Cabin" which comes to the Lyceum next Monday evening was the attraction at the Academy theatre in Buffalo all last week.

—Claud H. Raymond has taken possession of the Smethport Steam Laundry on Fulton street. Mr. Raymond is an experienced man in this business and has had charge of the work in this establishment for several years.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning there will be Christmas music and a Christmas sermon by the pastor. Sunday evening there will be Christmas exercises by the Sunday school. On Monday evening there will be a Christmas supper and tree for the Sunday school in the chapel.

—Sheriff Geo. W. Mitchell returned from Allegheny this morning where he had been for the purpose of placing Duane Ward in the Western penitentiary. Ward was convicted of robbing a jewelry store in Bradford and at court last week was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

—Chief of Police Mundy of Emporium notified Chief of Police Murray on Tuesday evening that the horse and cutter and robes, stolen from J. A. Walters at Red Rock, last Saturday, had been located there, the horse having been found roaming about a field, wearing one of the stolen blankets. The cutter and harness were also recovered. Some one will go after the horse to-day. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Walters recovered a stolen horse at Emporium once before, and it was the same horse, too. There is no clue to the identity of the thief.—Bradford Era.

—Joseph Shine of Willow Creek, near the village of Corydon, was struck and killed by a train on the Pennsylvania railroad Saturday evening or early Sunday morning at a point about one mile and a half south of Wolf Run. The body was not found till Sunday morning, and it is uncertain what train struck him.—Bradford Star.

—Last Saturday evening about twenty young people of Newerf gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Granteer, in honor of their daughter, Miss Lydia, who soon leaves for Baltimore to spend the winter. Cards and other games followed by music and refreshments were pleasant features of the evening. The first snow was taken advantage of and a delightful sleigh ride indulged in. Taken all in all it was an evening long to be remembered.

Cured by a Typewriter.

Constant companionship with a typewriting machine has a soothing and elevating influence on a man. No hard drinker, for instance, can use a typewriter. His nerves must be in good order or he will strike the wrong letters and entangle up his copy. There is a case of this kind which led to the reformation of a man. He was a typewriter and stenographer for a law firm. He was a good all around fellow, but he would go on the spree occasionally. This the head of the firm did not like, so he thought he would teach him a lesson. The stenographer was a methodical man, and he went on the "skate" at stated times in the year. When he returned on one occasion his employer had the machine all fixed for him. He had had the letters changed so that when you struck "h" for instance, it would print "x," and so on. The stenographer came back feeling rather shaky, anyhow, and when he wrote off his first letter the result was appalling. He began to tremble. The boss kindly sent him to the Adirondacks to brace up. The cure was complete. He never touched liquor again as long as he lived.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Norway Superstitions.

So drenched is Norway with old legends and fairy tales and a pervasive intimacy with the supernatural that it is impossible to understand Norwegian character, especially as expressed in Norwegian art, without some comprehension of the spirit world, for the world of the sailors and fishers of the white northland, the world of the peasants and simple country folk, is inhabited by strange, wicked elves and spirits. Everything is controlled by its own will, as the most insignificant detail is to go smoothly. Even the weather is controlled by various demons, and the nasty Finns, with their pretensions of magical power, have reaped a rich harvest from the superstitious Norwegians, many of whom still buy fair weather from the dark Finn by the sackful. Whoever has known a Norwegian fisherman has heard of the Finns, that depart of the sea who rides in half a boat and who is answering of swift and awful death.—Boston Transcript.

A Peculiar Cold.

Miss Rosewell has announced to sing at a small public dinner at which Dickens presided, and, as happened not infrequently, Miss Reeves had something the matter with his throat, and was unable to attend. Dickens announced this, and the announcement was received with a general laugh of incredulity. This made Dickens very angry, and he rose manfully to the defense of the delinquent. "My friend, Miss Reeves," he said quietly, "regrets her inability to fulfill his engagement owing," he added, with caustic severity, "to an unfortunately amusing and highly facetious cold."

Pineulve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. U. H. Gleason.

It will pay you to see Mrs. A. E. Hinman's Christmas goods before making your purchases.

L. K. Hogarth has in a new line of Christmas post cards.

Get back of a "Druggist." Straight 5.

Everybody should try a "Druggist."

Gentleman's smoke, "Druggist" 5c.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A New Millinery Parlor Opened.

Having now opened my Millinery Parlor on Hill street, next to Mr. Green's Grist Mill, with a line of up-to-date Millinery at a very low cost, I wish to close out my winter stock. A nice line of Girls School Hats from 50c up.

I make a specialty of Retrimming and Making Hats to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. SPRING,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Personal Mention.

Hon. James A. McKean was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

D. M. Card of Liberty township made this office a pleasant call yesterday.

William Swanson of Hanson was in town Monday and made a brief call at this office.

Miss Ora Gleason, who is attending a musical school at Pittsburg, is home for the holidays.

Miss Daisy Hovnes of Mt. Jewett was a guest of Smethport friends the latter part of last week.

Mrs. O. H. Barker and daughter, Margaret, are spending several weeks with Mrs. Baker's brothers, John and Chas O'Reilly of Pittsburg Pa.

Felix Southwick and Donovan Bell are visiting their homes in town. They are students at the Chamberlain Military institute of Randolph, N. Y.

Messrs. W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove and W. P. Walch, all of Smethport, are in town to-day looking over the Chase street paving job.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

F. A. Shallander of Marvindale was in town on business Monday and found time to make the MINER office a brief but pleasant call.

County Commissioner Peterson was in the city Friday, having brought an orphan from the county home to Smethport to the Beacon Light Mission.—Bradford Record.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Laley of Pittsburg were guests of Mr. Laley's sister, Mrs. K. H. Knapp, Saturday. Mr. Laley leaves this week for old Mexico where he has accepted a lucrative position as a machinist. His wife expects to join him in about two months.

YOU CAN FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's

City Store

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours to-day?

PALACE PHARMACY,

Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Coleville, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

T. R. Moons, Administrator.

Coleville, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907

Wm. MONHEIMER'S.

NEVER

was there a better showing of Useful Xmas presents than you can find here this year.

Umbrellas, Fur Caps,
Ties,
Walk-Over Shoes, Jewelry,
Hole-Proof Hosiery,
Suit Cases, Gloves,
Sweater Coats,
Mufflers, Suspenders,
Handkerchiefs and
Clothing

of all descriptions. Everything of the best quality at prices within reach of all.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Store open until 9:30 p. m. commencing Dec. 16

GET YOUR XMAS PRESENTS NOW.

There is of necessity a tremendous jam during the last few days of Holiday shopping—we say do your shopping now because we want you to make your selections in comfort and get the full measure of satisfaction which the store can give you to a much greater degree now than during the last few days when stocks are depleted and every one is in a hurry

Gifts for Men.

Gloves 25c to $2.75. Cravats 25c to $1.00. Mufflers 50c to $3.75
Umbrellas 50c to 7.75 Cuff Buttons 25c to 2.75 Scarf Pins 25c to 2.50
Handkerchiefs 5c to $1 Bath Robes 2.90 to 5.00 Sweaters 1.00 to 4.50
Smoking sets 50c to $3 Shaving sets 50c to 3.50 Tie racks 25c to 50c

Gifts for Women.

Gloves 25c to $3.75. Neckwear 10c to $2.75 Hosiery 15c to $1.50
Fancy waists 3.50 to 5.75, Umbrellas 50c to 8.75, Hair Ornaments 10c to 4.75
Furs 1.50 to 32.50, Linens 15c to 9.50, Fancy China 25c to 4.75,
Toilet Sets, Jewel Cases, Pictures, Stationery, Fancy Boxes, etc., 10c to 4.75

Gifts for Children.

Furs 50c to $10.50 Mittens 10c to $1.00 Handkerchiefs 5c to 25c
Books 5c to 25c Games 5c to 4.75 Toys 5c to 1.50
Moving Picture Lanterns 6.75 Magic Lanterns 25c to 3.50
Electrical Toys 1.00 to 4.50, Dolls 25 to 3.50, Teddy Bears 10c to 1.25

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEMAN THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

"RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HUMAN RACE AFFLICTED WITH QUEER DISEASE

Cooper Says Internal Parasites Cause Much Suffering Everywhere.

The following remarkable statement was recently made by L. T. Cooper. It concerns the preparation which has been so widely discussed throughout the country during the past year, and has sold in such enormous quantities in leading cities:

"It is now a well-known fact that wherever I have introduced my New Discovery medicine, hundreds of people have brought internal parasites, or tapeworms, to me. In many cases these people did not know the nature of the parasite, and were consequently extremely nervous until I explained the matter to them. In some cities so many have had this experience that the public generally became alarmed.

"I take this opportunity of explaining what these creatures are, and what I have learned about them in the past.

"Tapeworms are much more common than would be supposed. I venture to say that ten per cent. of all chronic stomach trouble, or what is known as a 'rundown' condition, is caused by them. An individual may suffer for years with one of these great parasites and not be aware of it.

"Contrary to general belief, the appetite is not greatly increased—it only becomes irregular. There is a general feeling of faintness, however, and a gnawing sensation in the pit of the stomach.

"People afflicted with one of these parasites are nervous and depressed. Their chief sensation is one of languor, and they tire very easily. Lack of energy and ambition affect the body, and the mind becomes dull and sluggish. The memory becomes not so good, and the eyesight is generally poorer.

"The New Discovery, in freeing stomach and bowels of all impurities, seems to be fatal to these great worms, and almost immediately expels them from the system. I wish to assure anyone who has the experience just related with my preparation, that there is no cause for alarm in the matter, and that it will as a rule mean a speedy restoration to good health."

The Cooper medicines are a boon to stomach sufferers. We sell them.—McCoy's Drug Store.

An Offering to the Rich.

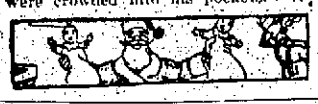
A Christmas Story By Alice Louise Lee.

Copyright, 1901, by Alice Louise Lee.

OWEN HARD sat in room 30 of the Hard block. He called the place his office and himself a real estate agent, but it was no secret in the city that the only real estate he had time to attend to was his own and that his callers were people who came to ask favors, not to leave fees.

It was the afternoon before Christmas, and the dull December sun shone in at the window and fell on Hard stretched out in a big leather padded armchair beside the table.

He was a man nearing middle life. His dark hair was plentifully streaked with gray, while his forehead had fallen into heavy lines, which gave his face when in repose an expression of ill nature that belied a disposition singularly generous and open. His hands were crowded into his pockets. "It's



HE STILL GAZED OUT OF THE WINDOW.

where they have been for the greater part of the week," he said grimly to Yemans, a friend and a neighboring lawyer, who sat on the table and swung one foot.

Yemans laughed. "A fellow has to pay dearly these days, Hard, for being rich. Still, I shouldn't object to paying the price myself."

An odd expression crossed Hard's face. He threw himself up and, clasping his hands behind his head, looked fixedly out of the window.

"Cheer up, old man," said Yemans, still laughing. "Your money brings you a sort of fame. I don't believe there has been a fair, charity show festival, pauper's death, failure or any other public event in this town for years but what Owen S. Hard has been called on to pull some one or something out of a hole, and he always does it, too," added Yemans heartily.

Hard did not smile. He still gazed out of the window. "I might you believe, Yemans, that for ten years I have never"— He suddenly checked his speech and then spoke as though to himself. "If I were a society man probably I'd receive soft pillows and such trash, but"—

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"Nothing, nothing," exclaimed Hard impatiently. "I'm only stupidly thinking aloud."

He shook himself, arose and began pacing the floor with his arms folded behind him. Yemans whistled a bit and slid off the table. He yawned and picked up his hat. "I say, here's a pun. It's hard luck to be rich, but it's always been Hard's luck. There! A merry Christmas to you, old fellow." And Yemans left, slamming the door behind him.

Hard dropped into his big chair again and ran his fingers through his heavy hair. In the hall were merry calls, the shutting of office doors and the general stir of an early closing up of business to which the owner of the block paid no attention. He leaned his elbow on the table and thought, while his forehead fell into its heaviest lines.

Presently there was a stir outside his door, followed by a faint rap. "Come," he shouted, but evidently the noise drowned his voice. The knock was repeated. He arose and rather wearily closely opened the door.

Before him stood a queer combination. It did not take up much room either in height or breadth. Had it been twice as tall his eyes could have looked over it at Yemans just stepping into the elevator. Yemans was laughing and thrusting his hands significantly into his pockets. The elevator boy was grinning. The dentist, locking his door, was chuckling and winking at a doctor ringing for the ascending elevator.

Then Hard, half weary, half affable and wholly amused, said, "Come in."

The combination entered. It consisted of a morsel of a boy, pulling after him a small red express wagon which was filled to overflowing with something carefully covered with an old bedquilt. At the tail of the cart were two upright sticks, from which was draped a piece of thin black cloth pinned to the bedquilt halfway down the cart.

Hard surveyed the procession as it crossed the floor. "He is got up regardless of his feelings for the purpose of appealing to mine," was his thought as his head involuntarily wandered to his pocket.

The boy pulled the rattling express cart across the soft rug to the desk and laid the tongue down carefully. "I'm Robert Allison Broxley," he announced, working his hat loose from his head and bowing gravely.

Hard returned the bow and followed in the wake of the cart, feeling rather superfluous as a host. "I am glad to meet you, Robert Allison Broxley," he said solemnly. "I am Owen S. Hard."

The child regarded him steadily with great black eyes set in dark rings which extended low on his cheeks. The face ought to have been the face of a mere baby had not responsibility claimed its owner early and made of him a premature man.

"I knew who you was," Robert Allison Broxley said calmly. His face looked troubled, and Hard detected a suspicion of tears around the long black lashes and a quiver in the chin for which he could not account. Robert's next words, however, confirmed him in the idea which had led his hand to his pocket.

"You are rich, ain't you?" the little chap asked, laying hold of the black cloth at the tail of the cart. He asked in a queer voice which seemed to invite denial.

"Most people take it for granted that I am," answered Hard dryly.

Robert did not understand the bidden meaning. His face fell, and he struggled with some emotion which caused him to draw his coat sleeve across his eyes. "Then nobody don't give you nothing for a present, does they?" he asked.

Hard looked at the boy curiously and said what he had interrupted himself in saying to Yemans a few moments before. "No, Robert; no one has made me a present in ten years."

"I'm sorry for you," muttered Robert and his hand again sought the black cloth. He raised one corner and peered under. The sight evidently made him still more unwilling to uncover the cart. "I'm sorry for you," he repeated, holding down the corner of the cloth. "Won't you git a sack of flour or clothes or broth or fruit or shoes or nothing tomorrow from nobody?" anxiously.

"No, Robert," said Hard solemnly. "Probably no one will give me a single gift."

"You must have an awful bad time," sighed Robert.

"Well, I don't have a very good time always on Christmas day," agreed Hard. "Do you?"

The child brightened. "Oh, yes 'cause everybody is so good and gives us lots and lots of things."

"I never have," hazarded Hard; "but I am somebody."

Robert looked up, his eyes growing wider. "Why, you know you've been the goodest of all. That's why." He glanced at the cart and checked himself. "You give my papa a fourth, a very nice fourth, too," cheerfully, "and you sent us a hen for tomorrer. There's butter pickin' on a rooster, you know, but the hen is very nice and fat most as big as that rooster you sent on Thanksgivin' day. Hain't you no hen left for yourself?" anxiously.

"Funerals, hens," repeated Hard amusingly. He had given so many funerals and hens on request that one more or less made no impression on him. "I give it up, little man. You have the better of me. You seem to know more of what I do than I remember myself, so we will change the subject. What have you there?" pointing to the cart.

Robert hesitated and winked fast. "I brought something—that is, I got some things to give you a lift."

"A lift?" repeated Hard, mystified.

Robert nodded and removed the black cloth gingerly, saying apologetically at the same time, "You see, you dassent let the sun on to their eyes ever," and revealed to Hard's astonished gaze two tiny dimpled faces crowned with yellow silky hair. Two heads sleepily moved and two pairs of deep blue eyes half opened.

"Twins!" ejaculated Hard. He leaned over the children and projected a finger at the one nearest him. The baby closed her soft fingers around it and looked up with an engaging display of smiles and dimples.

"Two twins," corrected Robert. "That's her," pointing to the one clinging to Hard, "and this is Jim. Yours is half."

At this point Robert gave a decided sniff and reached for his old hat. Out of the crown he drew an unbecoming rag and applied the same to his nose.

"Mine?. Half of what?" asked the astonished Hard.

"Half of these," Robert leaned over the twins and his voice choked. "You may have him," touching the baby boy, "or her," touching the baby girl, "but I guess mebby you better take him and leave me her 'less you want her awful bad. It's a lift to you."

"Oh, I see—a gift!" said Hard sat down weakly beside his gift. There was a queer expression about his eyes He leaned over and, resting his elbow on his knees and his head in his hand was silent for a moment. "Her" carried his finger to her mouth and began to suck it with apparent relish and many little gurglings.

"What would your mother say if I kept half the twins?" he asked abruptly.

"Of course she'd mebby be sorry, but they don't belong to her. They're mine."

"Not hers?" echoed Hard.

"Nope," smothering a sob. "They's every bit of 'em mine. Mamma never had 'em 'cause first they was papa's and just before you give him a fourth

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1,75 IN ADVANCE.

he insisted 'em ever to me. They's all I got that I can give away," he added in explanation.

"Thank you, Robert, for the gift," Hard's tone was muffled, "And I think you're the only one in this city who is sorry enough for me tonight to make me a present—such a rare and beautiful present too. But," looking intently at the little caretaker, "I'd rather have this baby," and he indicated the girl.

Robert's breast heaved, but he set his thin lips together unchildishly as he bent over the cart. He carefully unwedged the little creature and raised her with all his slim strength to Hard's arm.

The midget was not at all afraid. She looked up with her great round eyes and thrust her baby fingers into the thick hair brought within her reach, laughing at the result.

"What is her name?" asked Hard gently.

"We're so busy over to our house, me and mamma, that we hain't got round to namin' 'em yet. But," jealously, "I s'pose you'll be a-namin' her now." Then, after a slight pause, came the suggestion, "I'd a'most called her Ruth."

Robert, with shaking hands, began to arrange the bedquilt over the solitary baby in the cart. He had recourse frequently to the crown of the derby and the sleeve of his coat. Hard sat silently watching him adjust the black sun cover, although the sun had set and the short winter day was nearly ended. He watched until the boy trembled forth a dutiful and brave "Merry Christmas" and had drawn the express cart to the door. Then he smiled.

"Robert," he called, "come back a moment!"

Robert obeyed, with his eyes fixed longingly on the yellow head lying against the black sleeve.

"See here, Robert," began Hard, "you are leaving me in a bad fix. I don't know what this youngster eats or wears or drinks or anything else. I can't take care of her."

Robert smiled through his tears. "Why, seems as if you're big enough to know, ain't you?" he asked pityingly.

"Yes, I'm big enough, but I've never been taught, and I'm sure my housekeeper is just as ignorant as I am. Do you take care of these babies?"

"Oh, yes, most all the time, 'cause mamma most have no time much. She sews."

"All right, then; I'll make a bargain with you. You take care of her, and I'll pay you for it. I'll find out how much it's worth in the baby market. How does that strike you?" Hard's mouth was grave, but his eyes kept smiling in a way which always made his plain face attractive.

Robert became instantly animated. "I'll do it anyway," he cried eagerly, laying hold of the lot.

Hard released her. "Hold on though, my man," he said, getting his topcoat and hat. "I'm going home with you. I'm afraid your mother is rash enough to believe she has as great a claim on those twins as you have." His eyes were still smiling "and I want to look into the matter myself."

His eyes smiled all through his interview with Mrs. Broxley and for several days after. They still wore their amused, good natured expression when one morning Robert Allison Broxley

"WHY, SEEMS AS IF YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO KNOW, AIN'T YOU?"

stopped before the office door trundling a neat perambulator and dressed in a way which made him unrecognizable to Yemans, locking his door opposite.

"Hello, there, kid!" Hard heard Yemans call. "Are those your babies?"

"They were both mine before Christmas," explained a small voice eagerly, "but I give one to Mr. Hard, and her name is Ruth now." Then, proudly surveying his trim outfit, he explained further to the dazed Yemans: "Ruth's his now, only he don't take her away. He's hired me to take care of her 'cause he says Ruth is straight what to feed her. Ain't that queer? And him such a big man."

A Paraphrase.

"So you have become converted to prohibition!"

"No," answered Colonel Stillwell of Kentucky; "I am not exactly a prohibitionist, but I am a firm believer in the theory that a soft drink taketh away headaches."—Washington Star.

Not Slang Either.

"What do you think of a man who keeps his money in an old stocking?"

"I should say he had selected a darned poor bank."—Pittsburg Post.

Are you having trouble with your kidneys? There are lots of people to-day wonder why they have pains across the back, why they are tired and lacking in energy and ambition. Your kidneys are wrong. They need relief without delay. Take DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills; they are for weak back, inflammation of the bladder, backache and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The Kaiser's Christmas.

PROBABLY no European court gives Christmas presents on so extended a scale as the kaiser's. Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to bestow. The empress and her seven children mysteriously dash about Berlin and Potsdam, visiting jewelers, toyshops and other establishments where something new or striking is to be had, and they hold a levee every morning of tradesmen whom they have no time to visit.

The kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas box giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the desires of the happy recipient. Early in December he makes a list of the persons to whom he intends making presents. His wife heads the list, and at the foot is usually some old pensioner or invalided housekeeper who has served the Hohenzollerns for half a century.

Soon before Christmas the royal mint sends the kaiser a bag of bright, new

HE APPROACHED IN A FOR ONE WORD "MAJESTAT!"

gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces. His majesty fills his pockets when he goes walking in the parks at Potsdam, and the little children and old men and women who are fortunate enough to meet him or soldiers standing sentry, stamping in the snow, are certain of a gift, accompanied not infrequently by a joke.

The kaiser's last slide is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the kaiser came upon a half frozen sentinel with very red nose and eyes. The sentinel, with stiff fingers, brought his rifle to the salute.

"Good day," said his majesty. The sentinel did not reply, but his teeth chattered.

"How long have you been on duty?" asked the kaiser. Still no reply.

"Stupid!" said his majesty. "Why don't you speak when I address you?"

The sentinel moved his jaws and lips, but no word escaped. The kaiser burst out laughing and, turning to his aid-de-camp, said:

"Take this chap into the palace, put him before a fire, thaw him out, particularly his jaws, see he gets a big hot drink and a big food, and, here," turning to the sentry, "take this and drink my health and the empress'!"

The soldier found voice at last. He bellowed out the one word "Majestaet!"

The empress is always prudent with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the best elements of the people. Her unassuming ways, entire freedom from hauteur, consideration for servants and kindly interest in the welfare of the poor and helpless endear her in ever widening circles of Germans. She is fond of presenting ladies with costly lace.

The young princes, bedded by the crown prince, show little discrimination in their gifts—scarfpins, rings, dogs, cigarette cases, matchboxes, and so on, being their staple gifts, varied sometimes by a book, a picture or a bauble. Victoria Louise's gifts of dolls to her friends are numerous. To favored friends she does not mind presenting kitchen ranges and furnished doll houses. She is in close association with the matrons and soldiers' orphanages at Potsdam, and the number of little girls who receive her gifts is enormous. Stores of oranges and honey cakes are collected by her for distribution on Christmas eve.—New York World.

An Old Christmas Custom.

A century or two ago there was a custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each house clad in a motley robe, a mask and a huge flaxen wig. Knocking on the door, he called in a loud voice for all the good children to appear and receive the gifts which the Christ Child, the Christ-Kindlein, had sent them. This was the primeval Kriss Kringle. Coleridge describes this custom and records that the bad little children had a rod left for their correction.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Our National Bird

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

HURRAH—hip, hurrah, for the noble old bird
We've enshrined on the shield of our nation!
Our bosoms with lofty emotions are stirred
While we think of that feathered creation.
But along when the winter comes darking the sky
And the heavens with snowflakes are murky
Forgetting the eagle and Fourth of July,
We think of Thanksgiving and turkey.

THE TURKEY'S THE BIRD FOR THANKSGIVING.

THE eagle, proud bird, may he soar round and round
As he mounts up still higher and higher!
While the turkey, we trust, will still roost near the ground,
Within reach when occasions require.
For we're sure there is none who will care to deny
In the name of good cheer and good living,
That the eagle's all right for the Fourth of July,
But the turkey's the bird for Thanksgiving.

—Sunday Magazine.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Thanksgiving Day In Old New England.

A charming description of a New England Thanksgiving day fifty years ago is given by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in one of her novels. Of all days in the year it was the one for which a new dress was imperatively demanded. New ways of making squash pies and quince tarts were proper subjects for conversation for some days before the feast. For a week before the date fixed the children of each homestead were kept busy chopping mince meat and pounding cinnamon, allspice and cloves in a wooden mortar, slicing candied orange peel and stoning raisins.

All the members of the family came home to eat their Thanksgiving dinner. The courses consisted of turkeys, chickens and chicken pies, then plum puddings and afterward pies. After the dinner the patriarch of the house gave a recital of all God's mercies to them, speaking from the text, "Let children hear the mighty deeds which God performed of old." That there is no present occasion for emulating their fathers' deeds is all the more reason for observing Thanksgiving day.—New York Times.

Thanksgiving Day In Paris.

Last Thanksgiving was celebrated by Americans in Paris in a manner that was as "traditional" as was possible in face of a few shortcomings; such as almost complete famine in pumpkin pie and a shortage in the cranberry supply.

Dinners were enjoyed at home by Americans who have homes in Paris, but the "floaters" who find themselves far from their native heaths on feast days had to trust their fates to hotels and restaurants.

The American Art association at 74 Rue Notre Dame des Champs gave a dinner for its members.

Hotel and restaurant proprietors have long since appreciated the importance of Thanksgiving day as a "jour de fete" for Americans, and they had prepared the "national dish." Among these were the Athenee, Langham and Continental hotels and Noel, Peters and Champeaux restaurants, which were all crowded with Americans at the dinner hour.

Thanksgiving Hints.

Let no one else suspect that you have little cause for thankfulness.

Remember that every one has cause to be thankful—if not for personal, at least for family, sectional and national reasons.

Try to find the true spirit of thanksgiving in thinking of other people's happiness and so find at least a faint reflection in your own heart.

Remember that there are more reasons for the national holiday than a football game and a big dinner.

Do not let the responsibility of entertaining guests interfere with the pleasure of their society.

If the unavoidable hitches in the domestic machinery occur, console yourself with the thought that, although the turkey was underdone, the pumpkin pie was beyond reproach and that if the cook forgot the celery she remembered the salad dressing which you had forgotten.

And try for one day to be charitable not only in deed, but in every thought and word.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Binghamton.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. F. Hapgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—W. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Deputy Treasurer—J. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Thos. F. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engelhom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—S. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—L. F. Mooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Harbers, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, E. F. Heath, H. H. Shaw.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas., W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. B. Stark.
Judges of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. C. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

J. L. GALLUP, Recorder.
Z. C. GIFFORD, M. W.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. R. FOSTER, R. K.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

BERGE EGIAS, R. K.
ELIZABETH KINSEY, Com.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Mrs. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. of H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mrs. MARIA LAUTER, W. M.
Miss. ELLA MOONEY, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Ladies Aid society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Sarah Mary's Christmas Tree.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet.

"It ain't any use for you to say you think it's goin' to stop snowin', grandfather, for it ain't. It's set in for a big storm." There was a slight quiver about little Sarah Mary's lips as she said this, but she pressed them firmly together, and, brushing the flakes of snow from her plaid shawl, she hung it up on a nail behind the kitchen door and sat about getting the breakfast.

"You've been out in the road to get a good look at the sky, I reckon, Sarah Mary," said Grandfather Nichols gently.

Sarah Mary nodded. A queer little sound came from her throat, but she did not speak.

"Well, I declare, it does appear to be a kind of a stump, Sarah Mary—a kind of a stump," said the old man slowly

"CAN'T YOU ASK A BLESSED CHRISTMAS HOME?"

as he carried in some kindlings for the stove in the living room and stooped down to open the stove door and start the fire.

"Here she was lettin' on that Sunday school Christmas tree for weeks and weeks stiddy," said Grandfather Nichols, apparently addressing the flickering blaze that seemed loath to start up briskly, "and then 'twas put off to New Year's on account of the minister bein' sick, and now after all the waitin', she's got to lose it. Never been to a Christmas tree in her life, Sarah Mary ain't, and thinks I haven't neither. 'I was goin' along with her. Full moon due tonight and mild weather for a week back. The first snowstorm of the season, this is, and Sarah Mary ain't fitted out for stormy weather. Them three miles there and back three more was goin' to be about all I could 'a' fetched in good wulkin', but I wouldn't 'a' begrudged gettin' master tired, not a mite."

"Breakfast is most ready," said Sarah Mary, with a faint smile. Presently it was quite ready, and they sat down at the table. It was a very silent meal, but at last Sarah Mary broke the silence.

"Last year was the first one they ever had, but I didn't mind missin' that, grandfather, because you was sick, but now it just seems as if—" Poor little Sarah Mary could not finish, but rose abruptly and began to clear away the dishes.

"I know, honey," said the old man, patting her head as he, too, rose from the table.

When the door from the kitchen into the shed was closed Sarah Mary sank into the splint bottomed rocking chair and sobbed despairingly. Gradually the sobs ceased. Then she stopped rocking and sat up straight.

"Grandfather," cried the little girl cheerily about half an hour later, "you must have split up more'n enough kindlin's by this time. Come in. I want to talk to you. I've got a reg'lar splendid plan."

The old man came in quickly, rubbing his hands.

"Kind o' cool in the shed this mornin'," he said, looking anxiously at Sarah Mary, whose eyes were red, though she smiled bravely at him.

"Now sit right down here in front of the stove and get warmed up," she said, drawing the old rocking chair forward.

"I've been thinkin'," she went on, speaking quickly as she stood quite close to her grandfather, "that this is the last day of the year, and tonight will be New Year's eve, only we'll be to home 'stead of down to the church."

Here her voice trembled a little, but only for a moment.

"And I don't see why you and I, grandfather, can't have a pretend Christmas here that'll be most as good as if we'd gone to the Sunday school one."

"Of course," said the little girl wistfully, "we could do it better if we had ever seen a real Christmas ent'tainment, but I reckon we can make out, grandfather, don't you?"

"I see a Christmas ent'tainment once, tree and all," said the old man. "'Twas when your father was a little chap, and he was visitin' with Brother Ham-y's folks down in the city."

"Oh, grandfather!" exclaimed the child, drawing a long breath. "Then you must be more disappointed even than I am, because you know what you're missin'. But you can tell me what it was like, so we can pretend just complete."

"Well," began the old man, "there was a tree all covered with sparklin things and colored ones and candles and then the folks' presents was hung on the limbs too. The room was all kind of trimmed round with green and there was words on the walls 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man,' and sev'ral others.

"And there was a Santa Claus, a man all dressed up in furs, with long white whiskers and lookin' as if he'd been out in a snowstorm, and he made some remarks first and then give out the presents. There was a parcel of candy for each child, I recollect. 'Twas a handsome sight."

"We can pretend most of it if you'll help, grandfather," she said.

"I'm ready for anything you suggest ma'am," said the old man as he rubbed Sarah Mary's hand between his own rough palms.

"Well, then," said the child briskly "had you just as soon have your dinner at half past seven, so I can have the whole afternoon to get ready to pretend in?"

"Have it at ten thirty if you say so," said her grandfather gayly.

"No," returned Sarah Mary, with much gravity, "half past seven will be early enough. Now, there's two or three things you can do to help. I don't see, if we call have a real tree but if we could bring in that tidiest apple wood chunk that's out in the shed and cut some notches in it and stick some of the twigs from the brush pile in the notches I think 'twould make a real good pretendin' tree."

"And then, of course," she went on, "you must be Santa Claus, and you'll know best how 'long as you've sung one, and if you could spare me some of your old papers I'd be obliged. And I'll do all the rest."

"Missy Santa's alive," chuckled Grandfather Nichols. "What a little planner you be. Well, well, I guess there's quite a little job cut out for me. I'll look over the old papers fust and see what I can spare. I s'pose it's no use askin' you what they're for?"

"Not a mite," replied the child merrily as she took down the broom from its peg on the wall.

"Guess I'll step out fer it's 'bout chorin' time," said Grandfather Nichols as he beat a retreat, in pretended dismay, to the living room.

"Here's four numbers from the three years' ago file that haven't got anything of no great interest to me in 'em," said the old man, cautiously opening the kitchen door at about 4 o'clock with a little package of old newspapers in his hand. "Will that be enough for your purposes?" Seems to be great chin's in here this mornin'. Haven't I smelled nuts!"

"Grandfather!" said Sarah Mary in a warning tone, and the old man dropped the papers and retreated.

"Just like her ma, that child is," he said to himself as he put on his coat, preparatory to a trip to the cold garret, where he expected to find some articles suitable for his afternoon's masquerade. "There ain't no stumpin' her, not for long, I can tell ye."

Dinner was what Sarah Mary called "slim" that day and was eaten with all possible expedition. Sarah Mary's thin little cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were unusually bright.

"Do you s'pose—do you reckon it's silly for me to be pretendin'?" she asked. "Had I ought to consider I'm too old for play, grandfather?"

"Let's see—how old be you 'zactly?" inquired the old man.

"I'm jes' about seven," respondent the child.

"Well, that's gettin' on, o' course; but, seein' you're small for your age, I presume it might be allowed ye to play a little spell longer if you get a good chance like this one."

The child's last doubt vanished with this assurance.

It had been agreed between them that when Grandfather Nichols had placed the chunk, with its twig branches tightly notched in according to Sarah Mary's directions, she was to take possession of the living room and *beautify it as she saw fit.*

All her grandfather had to do with it was to give her a few more particulars about the decorations he had seen that other Christmas so long ago. He was not to be permitted to see the living room till 9 o'clock.

Precisely at that hour Sarah Mary in the character of guest and Santa Claus in the person of her grandfather were to enter the apartment, one from the kitchen and the other from the entry.

Time hung rather heavily on the old man. At 5 o'clock he muttered to himself, "I wisht I could see how I look," and vainly tried to get a glimpse of his figure in the little cracked looking glass, six inches square, which hung in his room.

"There," exclaimed Sarah Mary, descending from a chair on which she had been standing and looking about the room with pride; "I've done the very best I could. I hope grandfather'll be pleased. It's half past 5 now, and I must hurry and get dressed."

A few minutes before 6 o'clock a little figure stepped softly down the steep back stairs, and at about the same time a large, cumbersome form descended the front stairs laboriously.

As the old clock in the kitchen struck 6, with its sharp, curt strokes these two figures entered the living room from opposite directions and gazed at each other.

Sarah Mary was bravely attired in a changeable silk waist which had once belonged to her mother and a skirt of some sort, the exact style of which could not be determined, inasmuch as it was completely covered by Sarah Mary's best shawl, a very large white one with strings of great length. These strings were crossed diagonally on the child's back and brought over her shoulders to the front, where they terminated in a large bow securely pinned to her dress. Her curly hair had been made to do as far as such hair ever would. She stood with her eyes riveted on Santa Claus, on whose face was a broad smile. Truly he was a wonderful Santa Claus! An old buffalo skin, plentifully besprinkled with flour, was gathered about him and tied in place about his neck, arms and legs. It was easy to see that getting downstairs at all, so slow a pace must have been a difficult matter. His hair and beard were well covered with flour, and so was the old fur cap on his head. There was even a dash of flour here and there on the boots he wore.

"Oh! Oh! I'd never know you in the world!" gasped Sarah Mary. Then, recollecting herself, she walked sedately to a chair placed in one corner of the room.

Santa Claus for his part was unable to suppress an admiring "Well, I declare to man!" as he looked about the room. On the wall in several places were strips of brown cambric on which were pasted sentiments appropriate to the season. The letters were of various sizes, cut from the papers.

"Peace on Earth," read Santa Claus, looking at the words over the stove through a frostfolow mist that made them waver.

A wreath of autumn leaves was pinned on one window curtain and a bunch of dried "everlastings" on the other. There was a big candle in the center of the wooden mantel and a small one at each end. A lamp burned on the one table, and the small candle of all shone from a little tin candlestick placed on the top of the tree.

The inverted rocking was hidden by an old red cloth, and above it the tree rose resplendent. Its bare twigs glistened with strips of tin and scraps of colored paper and hung with strings of popcorn. Tied to the two largest branches were two packages wrapped in newspaper.

Sarah Mary's eyes shone with pride as she looked at the tree.

"This is a glorious, blessed time, children," said Santa Claus, advancing slowly to the tree and turning his eyes on his visitors, but humbling himself. "We've got a sight of things to be joyous about, and wishin' you all a merry Christmas-New Year, I will now proceede to distribbute the presents."

So saying, Santa Claus put out his hand and cautiously untied one of the newspaper packages.

"For Grandfather Nichols," he read slowly aloud. "I understand he's expected to be with us this evenin' and will probably be along in a few minutes."

He untied the other package and read, "For Sarah Mary Nichols. Will the little gal step forrard and get her present?" Sarah Mary received the package and a pat on the head from Santa Claus. She turned away and then stopped.

"Grandfather," she cried, facing about and throwing her little arms as far around the bellowed fur robe as they would reach, "you've been a splendid Santa Claus, and now will you take your package and be the rest of the children with me? It's only just molasses candy, but it's real good. I tasted it to give."

"Well, I reckon I will," said Grandfather Nichols quietly as he burst the hooks of his buffalo robe and kicked off the clumsy boots with a right good will.

He and Sarah Mary were sitting together in the big old rocking chair, the candles were burning low and the mo-

"THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TREE IS POSTPONED TILL TOMORROW."

lasses candy was nearly gone when the two Christmas-New Year revelers heard the sound of sleighbells, followed by a knock at their door.

"I jest stopped on my way home from the Corners," said Nicholas' nearest neighbor when the door opened. "I thought I'd come in and tell you that the Sunday school tree is postponed till tomorrow night on account of the bad travelin', and I can fix it to take Sarah Mary and you, too, along with us to the ent'tainment. Good night."

"Much obliged! Much obliged!" said Grandfather Nichols as he drove away.

Sarah Mary, preparing to go to bed, took a peep at the outside world.

"Why, grandfather," she exclaimed joyfully, "it has stopped snowin', and the moon is comin' out! What a bee-yu-tiful time Christmas and New Year is!"

IN THE DAYS OF '64.

The Last Christmas of the Southern Confederacy.

"We had some memorable Christmas days in the south during the war," said Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, wife of the late United States senator from North Carolina. "That of 1863 was different from any that had preceded it because we were in arms against the Federal government, and many of the male guests at southern homes that day wore Confederate uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas dinner table was of skirmish and battle and marches, but we were all full of hope and confidence.

"Christmas, 1862, found us but poorly prepared to celebrate it. Our supplies were few, and Confederate money was at a heavy discount. Then came the bitter year of 1863, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonizing well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the south devoted themselves to picking flax and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the field.

"Christmas, 1864—the last Christmas of the war—dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south! Of manufactured products we had practically none. Our hairpins were made of long black thorns, with a ball of sealing wax on the end. We had made into dresses every scrap of available material, while our feet were housed in home-made shoes. The slaves, having heard of the emancipation proclamation, knew what they were free and had all scattered away. Desolation seemed to brood over everything. Of all the Christmas days I have known that last Christmas in the south in wartime is the one of all others that I am most certain never to forget."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CANADA'S CHRISTMAS STAMP.

The Only Known Postal Memorial of the December Holiday.

Stamp collectors say that the greatest Christmas gift ever made was a postage stamp of the value of 2 cents. On Christmas, 1898, Great Britain presented to all her thirty-seven colonies a first-class gift in the form of two cent letter postage in place of the rate of 5 cents, which for decades had existed.

In honor of this event Canada placed on sale on Christmas morning, 1898, a Christmas postage stamp, the only stamp of the kind ever issued by any country. In many respects it is unique among all postage stamps.

It was larger than our Columbian stamps and showed a map of the British empire printed in bright scarlet. The design appeared in a bluish green and the frame of the design in black.

Across the top was the inscription "Canada Postage," with a crown resting on laurel leaves tucked in between the words. At the extreme lower part of the design is the declaration, "We hold a vaster empire than has been;" above this, "Xmas, 1898," and a figure "2" in each lower corner.

It is worthy of note that this Canadian stamp was printed by a bank note company in the United States. It marked a new epoch in stamp printing, having three colors. Bicolored stamps are not uncommon, but up to that time no country had ever attempted a three color stamp.

This Christmas stamp was probably the most expensive ever issued, costing the Canadian government four times as much as the ordinary single color stamps. Although issued on Christmas, 1898, the stamp's availability for postage does is unlimited.—New York Herald.

Her Little Prayer.

Former Comptroller Edward M. Grout of New York city tells a pretty little Christmas story.

He said that a little girl relative of his was visiting her grandmother on Thanksgiving day. Already the child had begun to speculate on what Santa Claus was to bring her at Christmas time, and, as children—especially girls—will do when they are at the home of an indulgent friend, she began to rummage through closets and drawers.

In the course of her investigation she came upon a brand new white muff. It was the very thing she had wanted, and she knew that Santa Claus' chief purchasing agent—grandma—had obtained it for her.

Taxed with it, grandma admitted the truth.

"But," she said, "you must forget all about it until Christmas day."

That night as she was being put to bed the child astonished her mother by adding this to her evening prayer:

"Please, God, make me forget all about the little white muff Santa Claus is to bring."—New York Times.

Strange Christmas Superstition.

In north Germany a person must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas lest he or she should walk after death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat the work. If it is desired to have money and luck all the year round, one must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's day, nor if you wish to be lucky must you rock an empty cradle or spill salt wantonly or cross knives or point at the stars. If a dirty cloth is left on the table over Christmas night it will make the angels weep, if you point upward to the rainbow it will make the angel's feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it.—Tit-Bits.

In Saxon Times.

In Norman and Saxon times an ox was always roasted whole over the Yule log at Christmas.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 80 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

There is something about Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup that makes it different from others as it causes a free yet gentle action of the bowels through which the cold is forced out of the system. At the same time it heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat and lungs. It is pleasant to take. Children like it. Contains no opiates nor narcotics. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Christmas In Cactus Center.

WOMEN'S stores in Cactus Center, and there ain't no bargain stores
Fer to start them Monday rushes that break down the stoutest doors,
But we had some Christmas shoppin' that the town ain't over yet,
Just because of one small woman and a drug store toilet set.

She was Cactus Center's teacher, and she hadn't left the stage
Fore she had the boys plum loosed, and I don't bar youth nor age.
She was cute and smart and pretty, and she might 'a' been hers yet
If it hadn't been for Dawson and his drug store toilet set.

It was old and scratched and speckled, for 'twas in his case for years,
But old Dawson, sharp and clever, put a whisper in our ears—
Lowed he'd sell that set at auction, and he says, "Now, boys, you bet
This'll make a hit with teacher—this here swell new toilet set."

IT WAS SOLD BY THE SPOONFUL.

Well, the feelin' started lively, and it got da gritty pet,
For every grown man Cactus on that single thirsty spot.
Purty soon I'm standin' my saddle, worth two hundred dollars net,
Just to own for one short second that blamed drug store toilet set.

It was then begun the shootin', no one seems to know just how,
And 'twas lack of ammernition that at last broke up the row.
And thirteen of us was hunted, but the worst blow that we met
Was in findin' that some bullets had gone through that toilet set.

But we plugged the punctures in it, and we plugged the wounded, too,
And agreed we'd arbitrate it and the bunch id see it through.
So we sent a gift committee, but they came back sorer yet,
For the teacher 'd fluttered eastward, and we have that toilet set.

—Denver Republican.

CHRISTMAS NEAR THE POLE.

Where Seal Meat and Whale's Blubber Take Turkey's Place.

"I think Christmas, 1882, was my most memorable one," said General Greely, the arctic explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we ensconced ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable.

"Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potatoes. Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock—first course, a stew of seal meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and breadcrumbs; second course, stewed one hour after first, a stew of raisins, blubber and milk; dessert, a cup of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco still left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party.

"I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipients as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being puffed away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—a Christmas near the north pole—ended in smoke."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Vacations as Christmas Presents.

In a letter to the employees of the Bourne mills of Fall River, Mass., announcing the regular profit sharing dividend on Dec. 24 last, Treasurer George A. Chase said: "The board of directors has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experiment of a vacation week in August, 1907. The mills will close Aug. 24 and reopen Sept. 3, thus allowing you ten days of rest and recreation. In lieu of regular pay you will get an extra dividend on your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages." This promise was faithfully kept.

QUEER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Some of the Things Found by the British Dead Letter Office.

During the ten days preceding Christmas about twenty parcels are handled every twenty-four hours by British postoffice officials, or approximately 1,750,000 for the entire ten days during which the rush lasts.

The contents of many of the parcels are, to say the least, somewhat curious, says the Pictorial Magazine. A hamper of live leeches, for instance, seems a strange sort of Christmas gift. So does an artificial leg. Yet both of these were among the parcels "treated" last Christmas. Another long coffin shaped box excited suspicion on account of the odor emanating therefrom. On opening it, however, nothing more dreadful was found than a young alligator in a dormant condition. Another evil smelling hamper was found to contain no fewer than 300 dead mice, while yet a third inclosed a defunct puppy consigned for postmortem purposes to an eminent surgeon.

Christmas presents of live animals are constantly being sent through the post notwithstanding the fact that the practice is strictly prohibited. Pigeons, rabbits, white mice, rats, ferrets, silkworms, lizards, snakes, guinea pigs and even on one occasion a pet lamb have all been dealt with at some period or other.

No longer ago than last Christmas eve a box was intercepted containing 150 live frogs, and a short time before twelve healthy young adders were discovered in an innocent looking hamper which was supposed to contain poultry.

Some of the inclosures are decidedly sarcastic. Of this class was a two foot long cane bearing the label, "A Christmas present for Johnny. For outward application only. To be well rubbed in."

KING HEROD'S ROOSTER.

The Legend of St. Stephen, First of the Noble Army of Martyrs.

Ever since that first Christmas eve the rock has crowed all night long on the anniversary to keep away evil spirits, for the rock is a holy bird and a knowing one. There is a pretty tale of him and St. Stephen, the first martyr, whose day is Dec. 26, close by his dear Lord's.

St. Stephen was King Herod's steward, it seems, who served him in the kitchen and at table. One night as he was bringing in the boar's head for his master's dinner he saw the star shining over Bethlehem. Immediately he set down the huge platter and exclaimed:

"No longer, Herod, will I be thy servant, for a greater King than thou is born!"

"What pileth thee?" cried the king wrathfully. "Do you lack meat or drink that you would desert my service for aretheless?"

"Nay," answered Stephen, "I lack neither meat nor drink, but the Child that is born this night is greater than all—is, and has only will I serve."

"That is as true," quoth Herod, snatching the table with his fist, "as that this roast cock on the platter shall crow before us."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the cock stretched his neck and crowed lustily, "Christus natus est!" At this proof that Stephen's words were true Herod was so angry that he made his soldiers take Stephen outside the walls of Jerusalem and stone him to death. And this is the reason why unto this day St. Stephen is the patron of stonecutters.—Abbie Farwell Brown in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE NEWSBOYS' PIE.

It Took Man Who Looked Like Bingham to Find It.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Two hundred and fifty pairs of little feet, keeping step, are marching to dinner in the New York newsboys' lodging house. Five hundred pairs more are restlessly awaiting their turn upstairs. In prison, hospital and almshouse the great city is host and gives of her plenty. Here an unknown friend has spread a generous repast for the waifs who all the rest of the days shift for themselves as best they can—turkey, coffee and pie, with vegetables to fill in. As the file of eagle eyed youngsters passes down the long tables there are swift movements of grimy hands, and shirt waists bulge, ragged coats sag at the pockets. Hardly is the file seated when the plaint rises: "I ain't got no pie! It got swiped on me!" Seven despoiled ones hold up their hands.

The superintendent laughs—it is Christmas eve. He taps one tentatively on the bulging shirt. "What have you here, my lad?"

"Me pie," responds he, with an innocent look. "I was scart it would get stole."

A little fellow who has been eying one of the visitors attentively takes his knife out of his mouth and points it at him with conviction.

"I know you," he pipes. "You're a p'lice commissioner. I seen yer picture in the papers. You're Bingham!"

The clatter of knives and forks ceases suddenly. Seven pies creep stealthily over the edge of the table and are replaced on as many plates. The visitors laugh. It was a case of mistaken identity.—Century.

Where Bells Ring Underground.

Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is a valley said to have been caused by an earthquake several hundreds of years ago, and it is now usual on Christmas morning for old men and women to tell their children and young friends to go to the valley, stoop down and hear the bells ringing merrily in the ruins of the church under the ground.—Tit-Bits.

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EXPECTED TOO MUCH.

The Hotel Clerk Thought the Guest Got His Money's Worth.

"A friend of mine has gained considerable notoriety among the boys," said a drummer, "on account of his antipathy for many of the inhabitants to be found in the hotels of many of the small country towns. Many a time he has been known to leave his bed in the middle of the night to search for some unfortunate and oppressive guests. Recently he landed at a small town. I happened to be there that night, and when I saw him enter I immediately scented trouble. That place was known for the droves of cats which swarmed about the premises, and if there was anything my friend abhorred it was a cat. Well, he got his room. I was sitting in the lobby smoking about an hour after he had retired when suddenly I was startled by a sudden racket on the upper floor. It was followed a few seconds later by my friend, his clothes under his arm, making a hurried exit from his room. Running up to the hotel clerk, he expostulated excitedly against the rats.

"'They ran all over the bed and all over the floor. Finally I tried to shoo them out. I turned on the light, and there were two big ones in the center of the floor fighting like tigers.'

"'Well, what do you want for 50 cents,' calmly asked the clerk, 'a bull fight?'"—Exchange.

THE PIANO'S SOUL.

It Is Imparted to the Instrument by the "Scale."

"Every piano factory," said a piano manufacturer, "employs what we piano men call a 'scale.' It would be too long for me to explain to you all about it, but in piano making the 'scale' is the man who after all else has been done imparts to the piano its soul.

"I cannot tell you how they do it. They do not know themselves, and no man can teach another. It is born, like all art. The 'scales' are very few and hard to get, and we pay them handsome wages. But they are as difficult to manage as the great tenors of grand opera and as sensitive as women. Like all artists, they are forever squabbling among themselves about little things, and, as you may guess, jealousy is their besetting evil.

"But I have not yet explained what the 'scale' does. When a piano is all strung and tuned and ready to leave the factory, the 'scale' sits down to it and, alone and screws it to pitch. His ear is so true, his hand so fine and his sense of the reasons for sound is so delicate and exquisite that when he has finished his work that which was a mere box containing strings has become a voice that can sing if you know how to make it sing. The 'scale' has given it a soul—a part of his own soul."—New York Evening.

Didn't Please the Critic.

When Verdi was putting the last touches to "Il Trovatore" he was visited in his study by a privileged friend. The friend was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to look at the score and run over the "anvil chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked the master. "Trash!" said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now, look at this and this," he said. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" asked the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists, like you. Had I pleased you I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung and roared and whistled and barrel organed all over Italy."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The American Author.

The chief thing in the average American novel is the amazing vitality of the author. He writes always at the top of his voice. His strenuousness is unceasing. The reader can almost see the swollen veins on his forehead, the tight drawn mouth and flashing eye. It is do it or die. And he never knows where to stop. With his feverish anxiety to make points he does not seem to realize when he has achieved his purpose and frequently fizzles out ineffectively. He has ideas. He has vast quantities of material. He has a command of language, a fatal fluency that frequently leads to his downfall, for he lacks a sense of values. He lacks self restraint. He is full of tricks and artfulness, but he is not an artist.—London Saturday Review.

Well Preserved.

"I told Miss Knox today," said he, "that the only word that properly described you was 'peach.'"

"Indeed?" replied Miss Bute. "I suppose she said something real nice, as usual?"

"Well, she said, 'I suppose that is the proper word. At any rate, she looks well preserved.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Bobby's Reason.

Little Bobby was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, but so rapidly that she asked him why he did not speak more slowly.

"Because, you know," he replied, "it would keep all the other children waiting."—Lippincott's.

Didn't Find Out.

"So you really attended the lecture last night?"

"Yes."

"What did the lecturer talk about?"

"Well, I'm not sure, for he didn't say."—Lycomite and Tatelit.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Elizabeth M. North, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to F. H. Raymond of said Ceres Township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

F. H. RAYMOND, Executor.
Ceres, New York, December 12th, 1907.

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